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DETROIT

PUNCH

AUGUST
14
1946

Vol. CCXI
No. 5511

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see bottom of last page of text

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CAR & GENERAL INSURANCE L^{TD}.
CORPORATION

83, PALL MALL, LONDON, S.W.1.



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'Viyella'
Regd.

FOR DUCK-COLLECTING

When there are cricket boots again, and flannels can be cleaned forthwith! When you have comfortable 'Viyella'—the Sports Shirt that's cool when it's hot, warm when it's not. Then there'll surely be a peace on!



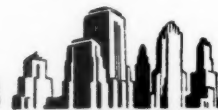
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Specially prepared by
Abdulla for all lovers of
the American style cigarette.

Fifth Avenue . 20 for 2/4

173 New Bond Street, W.1



*Unexcelled for
Tea-time Sandwiches!*



**CROSSE &
BLACKWELL LTD**

*Fine,
thanks!*



I eat crisp, crunchy

RYVITA
as my DAILY BREAD

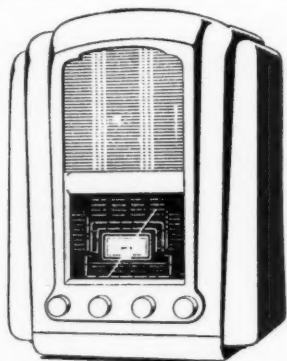


Cmdr. Campbell's QUIZ No. 8

- Q. What is the difference between a hookah and a hubble-bubble?
- A. No difference. Both are names for the water pipes used in the East. The smoker holds a long, flexible tube and draws smoke through a large glass vessel filled with cool, scented water. But you don't need to call in a plumber to get a cool smoke—have a fill of Murray's.
- Q. What is Latakia?
- A. A Syrian type of tobacco. All good pipe mixtures—like Murray's—have some Latakia. It's "knowing how" that gives the perfect blend.
- Q. Who first used tobacco, and why?
- A. American Indians burnt it as incense. When they first saw Drake and his crew, they imagined them to be gods, and presented them with bags of finest tobacco. What better present now for pipe smokers than a tin of Murray's Mellow Mixture! Fragrant, rich, even-burning and comforting. And it's only 2/8 an ounce.

MURRAY'S MELLOW MIXTURE

MURRAY, SONS AND CO. LTD., BELFAST,
NORTHERN IRELAND where good tobaccos
have been skilfully blended for 100 years



A.C. Mains, 3 Wave Band Superhet
Obtainable in limited quantities from your
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Does your collar
let your suit
look as good
as it is?



A "Van Heusen" collar
will flatter the cut of
an expensive suit and even
endow an old suit with distinction. Woven on a curve
for comfort, "Van Heusen"
is the world's best collar.

"VAN HEUSEN"
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Manufactured by:
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"My pre-war Moccasin Shoes lasted
so well, I want that quality again

So I'm searching Civvy Street for
MOCCASIN Shoes. I know that their good
looks are the lasting kind. The leather and
the sound workmanship are still all they
used to be and now there's the coupon
question, I need MOCCASIN quality more
than ever."

MOCCASIN
TWO-PURPOSE SHOES



PADMORE & BARNES LTD., Moccasin Shoe Makers, NORTHAMPTON

18

The universal passion
For Kia-Ora hasn't put it
on the ration ;
But soon it will be
'amongst those present' ;
Won't that be pleasant!



This world-famed Sherry (formerly
called Findlater's Fino) could not
be registered under that name and
thereby protected from imitators.
For the safeguarding therefore of
our world-wide clientele we have
re-named it—Findlater's Dry Fly
Sherry.

FINDLATER MACKIE TODD & CO. LTD.

Wine Merchants to H.M. the King, Wigmore St. W.1

S.2



HOW BIG IS A BLANKET?

People who ask for merely "single-bed" or "double-bed" size are apt to regret it, for "stock" sizes vary a lot. Ample length is as important as ample width for a generous tuck-under, excluding draughts and making the bed-clothes stay put during sleep. How to make sure of correct proportions before you buy blankets is among many valuable hints given in the new illustrated booklet, issued for the guidance of British housewives. It is entitled "How Wide Is a Bed Cover?" and deals also with Sheets, Bedspreads, Down Quilts, Towels.



FREE: Write for your copy of this helpful booklet (the edition is limited), to the Vantona Household Advice Bureau, Dept. 67, Portland Street, Manchester.

Preparing
to be a
Beautiful
Lady



My Grannie was beautiful, thinks Ruth, as she looks at the lovely cameo portrait. And Ruth is right. Grannie was a Belle in those days when complexions were unadorned but she always used Pears Soap. Mummy knows that Ruth has the same natural loveliness, and with Pears Soap and clear water she will keep Ruth's skin perfect — Preparing her to be a Beautiful Lady.

PEARS SOAP

We regret that Pears Transparent Soap is in short supply just now.

A. & F. Pears Ltd.

cc 387/96

THERE'S ONLY ONE



"BRYLCREEM

by Jove! some chaps
are lucky!"



Yes, you can see from his hair that he's clicked for a bottle of Brylcreem. Here's hoping it will be your lucky turn next.

County Perfumery Co., Ltd., Honeypot Lane, Stanmore Middx.

royds 808d



If you have any VAPEX

please make it last. If carefully used, a little goes a long way. After use the stopper should be tightly closed to avoid evaporation. Production will be resumed as soon as conditions permit

VAPEX... for Colds

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THOMAS KERFOOT & CO. LTD.
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These Homes provide a good home, wise training, and a happy future for over 7,500 children.

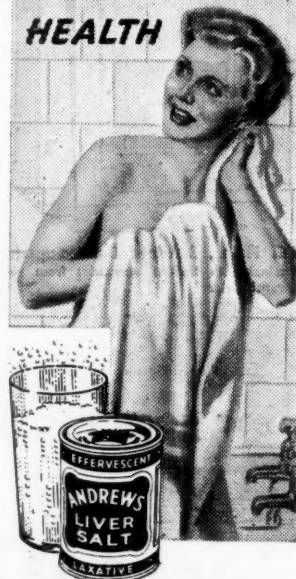
10/-

feeds one child for a week.

Dr. Barnardo's Homes do not receive Family Allowances for the children in their care.

Cheques, etc. (crossed), payable "Dr. Barnardo's Homes" addressed to Barnardo House, Stepney Causeway, London, E.1.

Inner Cleanliness comes first — for HEALTH



ANDREWS for INNER CLEANLINESS

Family size tin 2/-
Guaranteed to contain 8 ozs.

'Make the
most of
each loaf'

Hovis

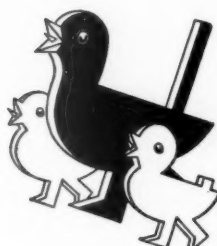
for **HEALTH
AND VIGOUR**

BEST BAKERS
BAKE IT

Macclesfield

BIRD'S CUSTARD

*Best known -
best liked*



BIRD'S CUSTARD AND JELLIES



**What a Joy to taste
a real Vermouth!**

*I'm very particular in my
choice of an aperitif. This
Vamour is a magnificent
Vermouth and has the real
flavour.*

The superiority of Vamour
is noticeable in every sip.
The choice wines and herbs
from which it is blended
both taste good and do you
good. Drink it by itself or
in a cocktail. Sweet or Dry.
18/6 a bottle.

**Vamour
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SWEET OR DRY

VERMOUTIERS (LONDON) LTD.
185X HOUSE, THE MINORIES, E.C.3.



**BOTTLED
VINEGAR**
is best
for
pickling!



and this is the
**BEST BOTTLED
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A GOOD EARTH?



Aero engine experience has proved
that earlier methods of attaching earth
points to sparking plugs often failed
because incomplete contact between
points and plug body hindered heat
flowing away from the points. In all aero
engine sparking plugs it is therefore
essential to weld or braze the earth points
to the body.

All K.L.G. plugs for motor vehicles
will incorporate this method of earth
point attachment in future.

K.L.G. SPARKING PLUGS LIMITED, PUTNEY VALE, LONDON, S.W.15

K.L.G.
CORUNDITE *plugs*



The
Chef
always
Recommends

Escoffier

SAUCE ROBERT SAUCE DIABLE

The Art of Gracious Living—

—is studied, and demonstrated, to its
fullest at Branksome Tower Hotel. An
exclusive clientèle evidences the approval
of people accustomed to the world's
best hotels. Every facility for pleasure,
sport, or just plain living, amid lovely
surroundings, with private sea-promenade
and pine-wooded cliffs. Flawless service
at your elbow, a chef who is a gastro-
nomic artist, and a wine cellar with an
international reputation.

**BRANKSOME TOWER
HOTEL.**

'Phone : Bournemouth 4000.
Patronised by Royalty.

**Your Hair Brush
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I specialise in replacing bristles in
worn brushes. Forward your Ivory,
Silver or Ebony brushes, when quota-
tion will be sent by return of post.

JOHN HASSALL,
Brush and Mirror Manufacturer,
(Dept. L.)

64 St. Paul's Churchyard, LONDON, E.C.4



The Minister of Food hopes to introduce more variety into the Nation's diet.

This means that as the supply position improves there will be more of Heinz '57 Varieties'—more of the goodness and flavour that everybody longs for. They are coming back—one by one.

HEINZ 57 VARIETIES

★ Already about: BAKED BEANS, SPAGHETTI, SOUPS, SALAD CREAM, SANDWICH SPREAD AND PICKLES ★

A FRACTION OF AN INCH—



— makes Goodyear Tyres Silent

Goodyear's All-Weather Tread with its familiar diamonds is well known for non-skid safety.

But those diamonds have another secret, also of importance to motorists. They are staggered so that no two of the same size ever follow each other. Volume of sound doesn't build up and the

whistling of air through the grooves is broken. Tyre-noise is cut down without lessening your safety.

Goodyear Research is constantly seeking such ways as this to improve tyres. That is how Goodyear achieved their leadership in the rubber industry and how they have maintained it ever since.

GOODYEAR

LEADERSHIP THROUGH RESEARCH



Great Uncle Thomas drove his horseless carriage to Brighton in the Celebration Run of 1896 with the flush of victory on his cheeks. What joy indeed to travel at the newly permitted speed of twelve miles per hour! And some Romary biscuits in his motoring coat pocket just made happiness complete. Today, the latter alone is enough to make us rejoice. For when supplies are unavoidably short, it's something of a triumph to secure some *Romary's Wheaten Biscuits, Ginger Nuts and Honey Bake.*

ROMARY

'Tunbridge Wells' Biscuits



MARMITE

is the making of the stew

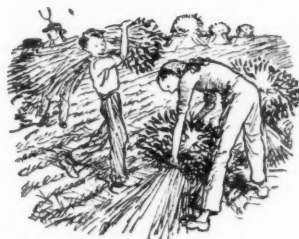
Marmite is the yeast food extract which adds delicious flavour to all soups, stews, gravy, meat and vegetable dishes.

Its ascertained vitamin content proves Marmite to be a health food of definite value. Use Marmite in your everyday cooking, and all the family will enjoy their food better—and they will be all the better for it.

MARMITE A concentrated Yeast Extract containing Vitamins of the B₂ complex.

Riboflavin 1.5 mg. per ounce
Niacin 16.5 mg. per ounce

In Jars: 1 oz. 8d., 2 oz. 10d., 4 oz. 1/6, 8 oz. 2/6, 16 oz. 4/6
from all Grocers and Chemists



PUNCH

OR

The London Charivari



Vol. CCXI No. 5511

August 14 1946

Charivaria

A FINANCIAL writer says that the American loan will be repaid in instalments from funds earmarked by the Government. Holders of Post-War Credit Notes were afraid of that.

Several seaside resorts report that they have still plenty of accommodation available. In fact many visitors have decided to stay on and get next year's holiday over too.



A Surrey smallholder says he has not been able to make hens pay for the last seven years. Has he thought of suing them in the county court?

An East Indian in Paris has such control over his nerves that he allows people to jab needles and knives into his body and to beat him with hammers. What a Food Minister he would make!

A play in a North London repertory theatre was held up when an actor in the wings yawned and had to receive medical attention for a dislocated jaw. Players waiting for their cues should not run unnecessary risks by standing too close to the dialogue.

"What is the connection between expressive and effective speech on the one hand, and strong, flexible abdominal muscles on the other. Give examples from your repertory."

A.R.C.M. Exam. paper.

But not in the drawing-room, please.

So busy were some of the main-line railway termini recently that reporters had to be asked to form separate queues.



"I was so nervous at my first broadcast that my hands became quite clammy," says a correspondent. He stuck to his script all right.

Study the books on your neighbours' shelves and you'll get to know what sort of people they really are, we are told. If they are your books you'll know already.

"DIVORCE FINAL IN SIX WEEKS"
Daily paper headline.

We understand a few tickets are still available.

The purchase-tax on wigs has been removed. Business men, however, think that in other directions there is little sign of overhead expenses being reduced.

A theatrical manager says that the one-time wrestler Zybsco was the most hospitable man he ever met. He used to throw the most colossal parties.

Some public-houses are displaying notices, "Regular Customers only." At "The Bugle," we understand, they never permit more than eight to a bar.

"To:—Trying to find a leak in wall, and for not being able to get into a tenant's flat on 3rd floor . . . 10/6."

Item in plumber's account.

For not commenting on the above . . . one guinea.

A man was stopped at the gangway of a ship leaving an English port because there was no photograph on his passport. A policeman laughingly said: "We will now return you to the studio."

Town Planning

WHEN I first decided to rebuild the City of London I was not wholly sensible perhaps of the difficulties which my work entailed.

Obviously, owing to enemy action, a great part of this historic centre had become a garden of wild flowers and a nesting-place for the feathered choir.

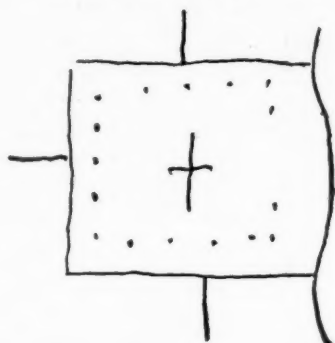
"We must not," I wrote in my original letter to *The Times*, "allow the loveliness of the pink willow-herb, with its elegant racemes of rosy blossom, to blind us to the fact that on many of these deserted sites must be re-erected the busy marts of human toil—nor let the song of the black redstart, which has never before attempted nidification in these urban surroundings, deafen us to the cry of our merchant princes for adequate buildings in which to resume their trade. Not every banker can be content to remain a botanist. The stockbroker has claims on the community as well as the bird-watcher. It is our duty, surely, to combine, in this area, the perfection of rural amenity, the highest glories of ancient and modern architecture, the fullest appreciation of the needs of commerce, and the maximum facilities for pedestrian and vehicular locomotion."

I liked this last sentence so well that I used to repeat it to myself several times before going to bed, and again in the morning while I shaved.

My simple idea was to open up the western view of St. Paul's by means of a wide avenue fringed with plane trees from the top of Fleet Street to the top of Ludgate Hill: to surround the Cathedral itself with a considerable pleasance stretching on the south side to the river's edge, to drive a large thoroughfare northward lined with elms, and a similar thoroughfare eastward overarched by cedars of Lebanon: at the same time grouping round the great church itself, at a reasonable distance, the smallest possible number of necessary edifices.

For the last purpose I proposed to remove from their present sites and place in a cluster, as it were, about the new village green the Royal Exchange, a communal centre for the chief Livery Companies, Smithfield, Billingsgate, the General Post Office, the Guildhall, the Mansion House, Covent Garden, a good general store, a cinema, a British Restaurant, and a reputable tavern where alcoholic refreshment could be served on the premises.

With the help of an architect I drew a design to illustrate my plan, and submitted it to the principal authorities concerned, of whom I found there were a hundred and twenty-five. I reproduce it roughly here.



The thing on the right is the river. The things sticking out are the avenues. The cross is the Cathedral. The

square is the pleasance. The dots are the other things I have named. The observer is stationed in a helicopter so as to obtain a bird's-eye view of the drawing, if the bird happens to be looking down.

I need scarcely say that red tape instantly reared its ugly head. It was pointed out to me, for instance, that I had made no mention of the Mint, the Bank of England, or the Tower.

I replied that I had not forgotten these. I intended to leave the Tower where it was and put the Mint and the Bank of England inside it. The prevalence of daring burglaries at the present time made this no more than a reasonable precaution that should have occurred to anyone.

Nevertheless, my project was discarded. Objections of one sort or another were raised to nearly every proposal I had made, and vested interests were allowed to conflict with the national weal.

To take a single case, the western adit from Fleet Street had to be abandoned because the widening of this great artery or ganglion on the northern side would have meant the removal of the offices of the *Daily Telegraph* and the *Daily Express*. Neither of these papers was disposed to budge. They said I was not the Lord President of the Council, which I never pretended to be.

On the other hand, I could not widen the southern side of the street without removing a portion of the Middle and Inner Temple precincts, and the Benchers, reactionary as usual, dug in their toes. I was even interrupted as soon as I began to take away the railway bridge over Ludgate Circus, a vital factor in my scheme. Obscurantism, in fact, was the order of the day.

In disgust, I abandoned the whole idea and left the business to deputies. This being so, *The New Plan for the City of London* which I have in my hands as I write must be considered to hold the field. It is stated to be "a summary and explanation of the interim proposals for reconstruction of the City of London prepared by the joint town-planning consultants, C. H. Holden, LITT.D., F.R.I.B.A., M.T.P.I., and W. G. Holford, M.A., A.R.I.B.A., M.T.P.I., and approved by the Court of Council." It is published by the Architectural Press at the price of a shilling, and it may well be that mere hack-work and multiplicity of initials are destined to succeed where vision and idealism have failed. I shall not complain.

The proposals in this pamphlet embody but few of my own original suggestions, and do so in a half-hearted and apologetic manner. I shall not criticize it as a whole, merely calling attention to two of the final paragraphs. This one: "Our desire is to provide the Cathedral with a setting which shall be worthy in every respect. We do not feel that finality in proposals for treatment has yet been achieved, and consider that discussions in this matter should continue." And this one: "We have requested the consultants to consider and advise us as to the practicability of fly-overs and/or under-passes at certain important traffic junctions with a view to the avoidance of vehicular congestion."

The veriest tyro in town-planning can see that if I had drawn fly-overs and/or under-passes on my map it would have become hopelessly confused.

EVOC.

"WANTED, good secondhand Baritone; spot cash."

Hants paper.

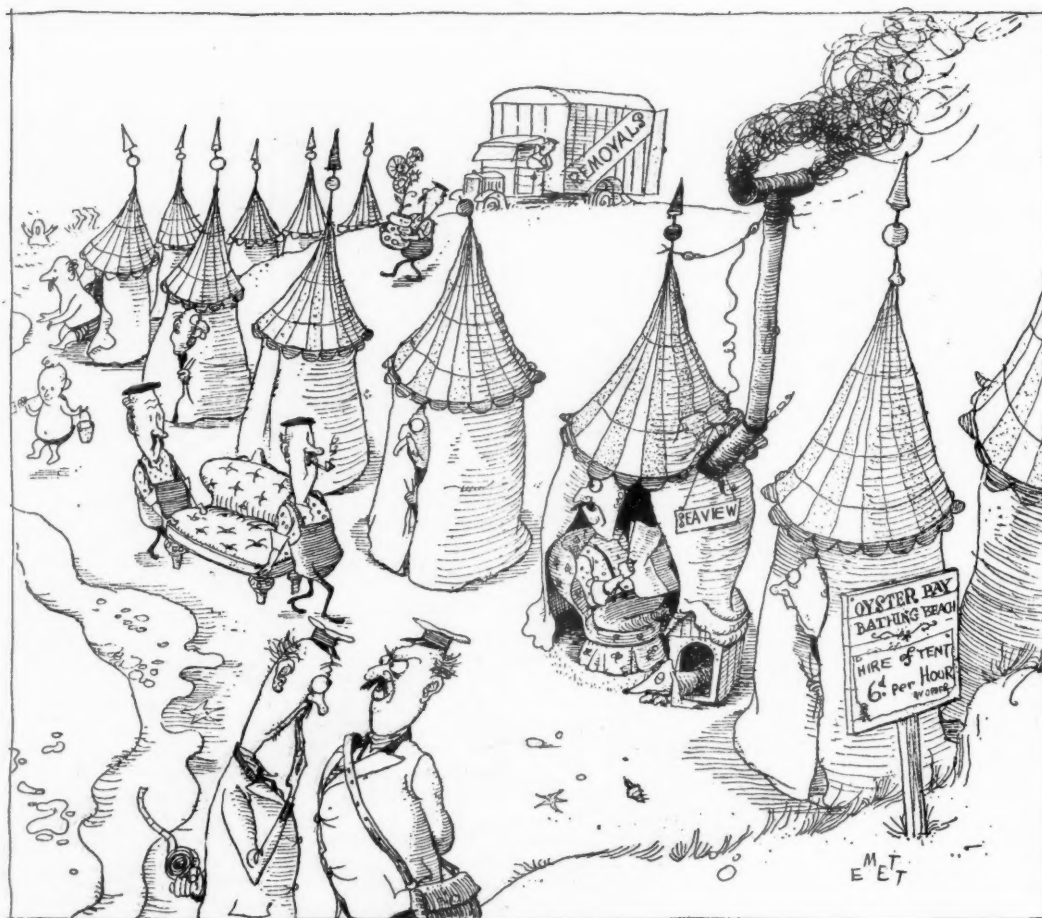
Would a rather worn tenor do?



MR. PUNCH'S DREAM

"And what time would you like reveille this morning?"

[In grateful recognition of the proposals made by the C.I.G.S. for the army of to-morrow.]



"'E says we let it to 'im unfurnished, so we can't get 'im out."

To His Tennis Racket

COME, racket, come, our presence is requested.
The net is up and they have marked the court.
Not since the war had anyone suggested
That we should grace the sport.

Distressed, perchance, to note our fallen station
They call us from our exile at the last,
As they would honour with their veneration
The Giants of the Past.

Forgive me, friend, if e'er in the aforetime
Your waning powers I presumed to blame;
For I myself, through the long years of war-time,
Have come to much the same.

Six gloomy years, with gloomier swift to follow,
Have reft my sinews of their nervous pride;
My frame is warped, there gapes a tragic hollow
In my august inside.

We still should cut no unimpressive figure;
Our very sight will shake them to the core.
Behold! . . . Alas, what means the sudden snigger?
What are they winking for?

I see it now—it is the ancient story.
Return, my racket, to your rubbish-dump;
You are not asked, and I, your peer in glory,
Am wanted but to ump. M. H. L.

Mr. Strakus

MISS FOX overtook me about a hundred yards short of the lodge gates.

"I wonder," she began, "if you are going to the Fête, would you be so kind—this gentleman is very anxious—and I simply *must* get to the food office before it closes."

A small, very dapper man stood under her lee smiling affably. He wore an unusually wide-brimmed very light-grey hat and a stiff turn-down collar of quite surprising depth.

"Mr. Strakus," said Miss Fox, introducing us.

"How do you do, Mr. Strakus," I said.

He bowed, tapped himself three times on the chest and said "Strakus" so loudly that I jumped.

"How do you do?" I said again.

"He is from abroad," whispered Miss Fox unnecessarily. "Rather particular about his name. I think there's an 'h' in it."

"I see," I said. "Have you been over here long, Mr. Strachus?"

"Oos," he said, smiling more widely than ever.

"You have? Good."

"Na, na, na. Oos. Yes?"

I couldn't make head or tail of it.

"Oos," said Mr. Strakus again. "Stray-itch-oos."

"I could join you there," put in Miss Fox, "in about an hour." And she turned back towards the village before I could collect my scattered wits. From the appearance of her back she seemed, I am sorry to say, to be giggling.

Mr. Strakus and I walked on together.

"We go?" he asked.

"Yes," I said. "To the Fête—the Fair. Miss Fox will join us, come later. You wish to see the Fair?"

It seemed that he did.

"Fair. Good. Very good," he said rapidly. It was like listening to a school report.

"Flower show," I went on. "Cokernuts. Vegetables." I outlined an enormous marrow in the air. "All that sort of thing. And roundabouts. You have roundabouts in your country?"

"Rounanroun?" he cried, and to my dismay began to spin rapidly on his toes, emitting shrill cries of enjoyment. I glanced anxiously up and down the road.

"So?" he inquired, panting. "The dance?"

"Well, no," I said. "Not that—At least, no." And I made rotatory movements with my hand. "Wooden horses," I ended feebly.

This threw him into transports of delight.

"Wooden 'orse," he cried. "I know him. You know Troy? Helen? Bad 'Ector, yes?"

I didn't know what to think. Was it possible that in whatever corner of Central Europe he came from they took their English Unseens from Lang, Leaf and Myers? And if so, what was the Homeric equivalent for cokernuts?

"Homer," I said, to gain time. "You like Homer?"

"Yes, yes, yes," he said, nodding his head in his excitement about eleven hundred times.

"Whoa-up!" I said nervously, for we were just turning into the drive of Lesley Manor (kind permission of Lady B——) and there were people about. "Even Homer didn't nod as often as that."

"How?" he asked. But I left it at that. For all I knew the joke might not go so well in Hungarian.

Mrs. Andrews was majestically in charge of the cokernuts as usual. "Good afternoon," I said. "Business good to-day?"

Mrs. Andrews thought it would be better after four, when the sixpennies came in.

"Of course," I agreed. "This is Mr. Strakus, who has come to see what an English Fête is like."

"Stray-itch-oos," said my companion.

"Isn't it a lovely day," said Mrs. Andrews brightly.

"Wouldn't you care to have a try?"

Mr. Strakus, however, was deep in thought. He seemed to be searching his mind for something.

"Three for twopence," added Mrs. Andrews encouragingly.

"I'll have a go," I said. "Come on, Mr. Strakus."

He muttered something that sounded extraordinarily like "Rod, pole or perch," struck himself a violent blow on the chest, said "Na, na, na" several times over and relapsed into silence again.

I hurled my first missile—a near miss.

"Almost I have him," said Mr. Strakus to himself.

I hurled my second. Rotten.

Mr. Strakus gave a sudden shout of triumph. "Roly-poly bitchk," he cried (or thereabouts), turning a dazzling smile on Mrs. Andrews.

I threw my third with steam rising visibly from my head.

"I think he means 'Roll, bowl or pitch,' Mrs. Andrews,"

I said. "Miss Fox met me—"

"Yes, yes," cried Mr. Strakus, repeating his odious phrase over and over. "I have learned him since many days."

"Look," I said desperately, taking his arm. "Let's go and see the vegetables."

"But I have not rolled."

"Never mind that," I said. "You can do that later."

"Now," I said, when I had got him safely into a quiet corner of the vegetable tent. "What would you like to see? Tomatoes?"

He didn't seem to care about tomatoes.

"Runner beans," I said. "Big. Gross. Very good."

They seemed to depress him.

"Look," I cried, as one might with a child of five.

"Potatoes. First prize. Very large."

But all the fire had gone out of the man. Only when we had got into the Fruit section and I pointed out some rather exceptional peaches did some spark of his old animation return to him.

"Good," he said.

"Very good," I said. "Delicious." And I made munching motions with my mouth to clinch the point.

"To eat?" he asked.

"Of course," I said, nodding. "What else? Don't they have peaches in Bulgaria?"

He took one and ate it.

I suppose, if the judges had been at hand, I should have taken an easy First in the beetroot class.

"Not a half bad," he said, wiping his fingers with hideous ostentation on a silk handkerchief.

As we came out of the tent we ran, to my inexpressible relief, into Miss Fox.

"There you are," she said. "Been enjoying yourselves?"

"Well," I said. "Yes. Oh, yes."

Mr. Strakus, however, had a grievance and lost no time in airing it.

"I wish to roll," he said loudly.

And there I left them. From the appearance of my back I may have seemed, I am sorry to say, to be giggling.

H. F. E.

At the Pictures

WHIMSY ENOUGH FOR SIX

"BUT why," you may say, "why, even at a time when none of the new films are up to much, begin with *Cluny Brown*, which everyone seems to agree is—apart from being a travesty of English life—tasteless and even sometimes offensive?" Well, for one thing the director is ERNST LUBITSCH, and there was a time when he was a great man; it should be interesting (I thought) to examine this peculiarly silly and inaccurate work and trace the course of, and suggest reasons for, his aberrations. For another thing it may be that the unanimous boos this film has roused from the critics over here are explained away, in Hollywood, with the tolerant smile reserved for those who can't take a joke. I thought it might be worth while pointing out once more to Hollywood, if these cheepings can be heard so far away, that jokes in the way of social satire ought to be made with one eye on the facts.

The trouble is of course that Hollywood, mainly concerned with amusing the American public, keeps both eyes on what that public believes to be the facts, and would shudder to offend it by suggesting that any of its ideas were wrong, or by trying to give it any new ones. Americans think English life is like this, just as—let's be fair—we think American life is like that. The fact that we don't send over there elaborate movies built round our misconceptions of American life is explained, I agree, by economics and not necessarily by our greater good sense; but the fact is there.

That is more or less what I thought before seeing the film at all. My difficulty now is that, having seen it, I have to admit that I was bored as well as irritated. I wouldn't have believed that a Lubitsch picture could actually bore; at least he was always *visually* interesting, at least one could be amused by the way he did things even when one regretted what he did. But *Cluny Brown* offers almost nothing except the dispiriting spectacle of Mr. LUBITSCH swiping away with a sledge-hammer at one joke, one joke only—the Hollywood notion of English class-consciousness. (The only other joke is the idea of a pretty

young woman who enjoys plumbing—and that was, presumably, Miss MARGERY SHARP's joke in the novel on which the film is based; Mr. LUBITSCH doesn't illuminate it.) Every line spoken by CHARLES BOYER gets,



[Cluny Brown]

READY FOR ROMANCE

Mr. Wilson RICHARD HAYDN



[Smoky]

CUTE HORSE: "LASSO ME NOW!"

Clint Barkley FRED MACMURRAY

even if it doesn't demand, the energetic head-wagging, the hugely magnified twinkle suited to a piece of elephantine whimsy; JENNIFER JONES has to do nothing but register radiant simple-mindedness the whole time. The only things I remember enjoying in the film were the last scene, which is viewed from inside a shop window and which (being wordless) has a touch of genuine cinema about it; and the performance of UNA O'CONNOR, which consisted almost entirely of clearings of the throat. Even RICHARD HAYDN, known to London revue audiences as a riotously funny imitator of fish, can't get very far with the part of an earnest village chemist (with a Cockney accent and a very large shop indeed).

Of course Hollywood does everything on the grand scale, but deliberate simplicity, about a subject where the basic social facts are easy for anybody to grasp, naturally has more acceptable results—even on the grand scale—than tortuous efforts to rouse enormous laughter at minor oddities of social behaviour that don't, in any event, really exist. Nothing could be simpler than *Smoky* (Director: LOUIS KING), there is more than enough sentimentality in it for most tastes, and it is in fact one of those animal-hero pieces I am usually assiduous to avoid; yet I quite enjoyed it.

In the first place it is very pleasant to watch; I mean it gives the eye pleasure. *Smoky* is a horse, and we see him roaming, with and without human companions, over huge Technicolor landscapes. In the second place there are scenes of real excitement and suspense; one watches for instance with painful interest, when *Smoky* has dragged home his injured and unconscious master, the efforts to disengage the man without scaring the horse. The only trouble with this picture is that two or three times there are passages of spoken off-screen narrative full of the old animal-story clichés and sentimentalities. But the story is founded in reality; the details of ranch life and of horse-breaking method, and above all the colour, make it honestly attractive. R. M.

Interesting Experiment

"A somewhat new touch has been introduced into this year's coronation. The Mayor is extending to the Peace Queen a civil welcome."

N. Wales paper.

A Little Learning...

I SUPPOSE there must be some people, potential dictators, who have sufficient strength of will to take the *Encyclopædia Britannica*, turn to the article they want, and read that alone.

I pity them. With that field of knowledge open to them in all its vastness, their poverty of imagination restricts them to what they wanted to know. Had I adopted that attitude I should have known next to nothing about Javanese edelweiss, the lesser fork-beard, or Play in Animals. It was only the other day that when I had occasion to look up some small point I came across the article "Numbers, Theory of."

Now about "Numbers, Theory of," I think I know as much as the next man. Yet the delightful way in which this commonplace subject was treated stimulated my brain. The simple sentence "Tchebychev proved in 1852 that if x is sufficiently large, the number $\pi(x)$ of primes $\leq x$ is between $0.92129Q$ and $1.10555Q$ where $Q = x/\log x$," started a train of thought.

Of course all that Tchebychev proved must have occurred to every thinking man at one time or another, though we didn't care to go round shouting about it. What puzzles me is how he came out with what must have been regarded as a pretty daring wisecrack. How did he do it?

Perhaps it was at a Christmas party when the riddles were getting fast and furious round a roaring fire. When excitement was reaching fever heat, Tchebychev, a whimsical smile on his face, would say "When is the number $\pi(x)$ of primes $\leq x$ between $0.92129Q$ and $1.10555Q$ where $Q = x/\log x$?"

Then there would be a silence broken only by the soft patter of cube roots on the window-pane, or the ghostly rattle of a distant quadratic equation. Then the lull would end as a chorus broke out "Oh, tell us, do!" or "We give in." And they would hang on his words as he replied slowly "When x is sufficiently large." The sighs of admiration would be lost almost immediately in peals of merry laughter at this rapier-thrust of wit.

I should point out that this version is merely a theory, as Euler might have said after trying for forty years to prove his rather rash statement that every positive integer p is a sum of four squares. Perhaps Tchebychev just proved it in the course of conversation with his wife, or worked it out on the back of a race-card.



"Just think of it, dear—some day you and I—on the waiting list for one of these."

But aside from this, the article is helpful in reviving old memories. I confess I had almost forgotten the time when Du Pasquier applied Herwitz's definition to further linear algebras. And what happened?

He found that they usually do not possess integral numbers!

With my memory thus jogged, how well I can recall the headlines of that evening:

FURTHER LINEARS NOSEDIVE
TO NEW LOW

"STARVED OF INTEGERS" ALLEGATION

DU PASQUIER FLAYS HERWITZ

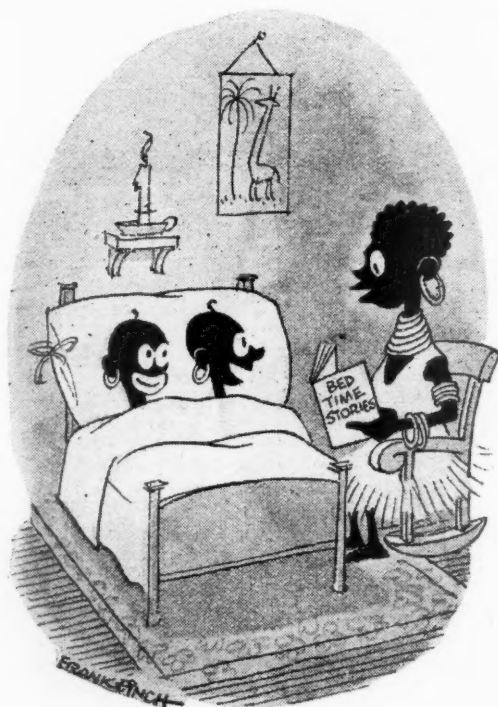
The tact with which the *Encyclopædia* handles this *cause célèbre* is

to be highly commended. All that is said is: "The latter unfortunate conclusion is avoided by the new definition given by Dickson . . ."

I had to blink away the tears that sprang to my eyes as I thought of those stirring days when automorphisms of f made polynomials look pretty small. Yet in a few moments my eyes were dried as I read, fascinated, of conjugate imaginaries.

Then the spell was snapped. I came to earth when someone told me that lunch was ready. Did Tchebychev, I wondered bitterly, have to leave his conjugate imaginaries to go and eat?

And sometimes even to-day I wonder what it was that I started to look for in MUS-OZON when Tchebychev's wiles led me astray.



"Tell us the one about Coal Black and the Seven Pigmies."

Solomon

MANY a column of cedar was in Solomon's hall,
Much jade of China on the inlaid wall.
Thrown aloft by the fountains with their soft foam,
A tremor of light was dancing in the emerald dome.

The popinjays on their perches, without stopping, praised
The unspeakable Lord; the flamingoes and the peacocks
blazed.

Incense richly darkened the day. Princes stood
Waiting—a motley diapason of robes hotly hued.

At the King's entry on the dais there went round
Flash of diamonds, rustle of raiment, a sighing sound
From among his ladies. They were wrung with desire,
Enslaving the heart. Musicians plucked the grave wire.

Like the column of a palm-tree, like a dolomite tower,
Like the unbearable noon-day in the glare of its power,
So solemn and so radiant was Solomon to behold,
Men feared his immense forehead and his beard of gold.

Like thunder at a distance came from under his feet
The rumble of captive Jinn and of humbled Efreet.
Column and foundation trembled. To Solomon's ring
Hell's abyss was obedient, and to the spells of the King.

By his bed lay crouching many a deadly Jinn;
He erected glory on their subjected sin.
By adamant will he was seeking the Adamite state
And flame-like monarchy of Man. But he came late.

He was wrong; it was possible no longer. Amid leaves
Bird-shaken, dew-scattering, it would have wakened
Eve's
Maiden-cool laughter, could that lady have foretold
All his tragic apparatus—wives, magic, and gold. N. W.

Lady Addle and the W.I. Outing

Bengers, Herts, 1946

MY DEAR, DEAR READERS,—Now that the war is over our Women's Institute Committee decided that it would be a good thing to take the members' minds off the many disadvantages of peace by restoring the summer outing—last held in 1939, when we went to Whipsnade. The day had been very successful, in spite of one poor member letting some monkeys get her camera, and another having to stand the whole way in the coach on account of a bee sting. So we were all eager to "repeat the dose." The only problem was—where? Various suggestions were made—a tour of blitzed London; a visit to Madame Tussaud's, with picnic lunch in the Chamber of Horrors; a trip to the sea. This last seemed by far the most popular if we could only afford it, so eventually we organized a whist drive to raise funds and a bring-and-buy sale to pay for the whist-drive prizes. I gladly made the splendid total of £4 3s. 9d. up to £20, so that members' contributions for the outing only came to 7s. 6d. per head. A little business-like accountancy in these matters is a great help.

The plan was nothing less than a trip, by special bus, to Southend for the day, with lunch on one pier and tea on the other and a visit to the Fun Fair in between. The burning question was, of course, were children to be included or not? I think most members besides myself remembered with horror the awful time when, on a tour of a jam factory, Margaret, then a little imp of five years, had fallen into a container of cooling raspberry jam, and, her complexion being almost identical with the fruit in colour, it had been some time before we noticed the accident. So the decision this time was, in the end, "no children," though it was a great disappointment to Margaret and me that my dear little grandson, Hirsie, had to be left behind. However, we made Addle promise to look after him, as he will stick pins into his nannie, which always makes me nervous, as I am afraid he will scratch himself one day. We left him and his grandfather playing happily round the pigsties—that is, Addle was looking at the pigs, and Hirsie, in his little gum-boots, was amusing himself by walking about in the troughs—and hurried off to meet the bus party at the church at 10 A.M.

Suddenly, just as we were starting, I heard a cry from Margaret: "Look, Mummy" (as all my children call me), "there is Hirsie!" It was quite true. The clever little fellow had contrived, when Addle was bending over a sow, to give him a push so that he fell right into her "house," and before he could struggle up again Hirsie was off as fast as his small legs could carry him up the drive. He still had Wellingtons on of course, and no coat, and was rather damp with pig-swill, but we mopped him up as best



"You deliberately stood and watched me trying to catch your eye."

we could and sat him on the lap of our oldest member, Miss Bice, in the front seat, where he could get the best view. Then off we went.

I don't think there was ever such a successful outing. As soon as we started I first made everyone change hats with their neighbour, just to start them laughing, which on the whole it did. Then we sang songs till we were hoarse, while Hirsie kept us all in fits by beating time on Miss Bice's face, and after that, lest enthusiasm should flag, I introduced "Hunt the Kipper"—I had brought a real one along with me specially, and the game consisted in its being passed from member to member while whoever was "he" marched up and down the bus trying to detect its whereabouts by the smell. Just as the kipper was really too worn out to use we reached Southend.

I have never been inside a Fun Fair before—indeed my dear father would have been horrified at the idea of a mountain railway with no first-class compartments, or Krazy Kars that did not permit of a chauffeur—but I cannot help admitting that on my first initiation last week I thoroughly enjoyed it! My one regret is that I did not feel agile enough for the swings, and there were no pommels on the merry-go-round, and I have never ridden astride (nor of course was I dressed for equestrian exercise), but I went four times on the mountain railway, where I became involved in a little adventure which I will boldly confide to my dear readers.

Beside me each time, also enjoying himself to the full, was a cheery splendid-looking fellow, bronzed and bearded, in the uniform of a Merchant Service captain. "Are you going again, missus?" he asked after the third voyage, and

we both agreed to have one more journey. What was my surprise and—well, yes, I suppose horror, when, in the tunnel, he slipped an arm round my waist and kissed my cheek! How I ever got out of the car and rejoined my party I don't know, but soon my embarrassment was banished by the appalling news that Hirsie was lost!

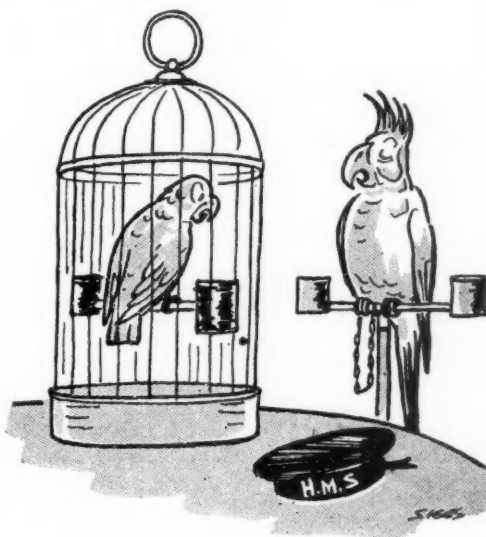
He had somehow slipped away from Margaret on the beach, and had been missing nearly half an hour. Distractedly we sought him, telephoned the police, questioned various strangers. Then, to our infinite relief, we saw him returning with a member, beaming with joy and clutching in his tiny hands a lot of ration books. She told us she had found him going from handbag to handbag on the beach, while their owners were in the sea, and removing the little books which he had doubtless heard us speak of as so precious. How we laughed—and how like his Aunt Mipsie he looked! It was sad that we had to give the books to the police—Hirsie kicked and screamed and bit Miss Bice quite badly. But it was, I fear, inevitable, though Mipsie, when I told her afterwards, said that our action was very bad for Hirsie's character, and that his taking the books was a sign of great intelligence and promised a brilliant future.

Altogether an eventful and wonderful day. My only worry is—should I have told Addle afterwards about the Merchant captain? I have never been kissed by another man since my marriage, and I feel perhaps he should know. On the other hand, just supposing he asked me if I hated it, I do not feel—well of course I did, but—on the whole I hope my recording angel will forgive me if I keep the whole episode a little white secret between my dear readers and myself.

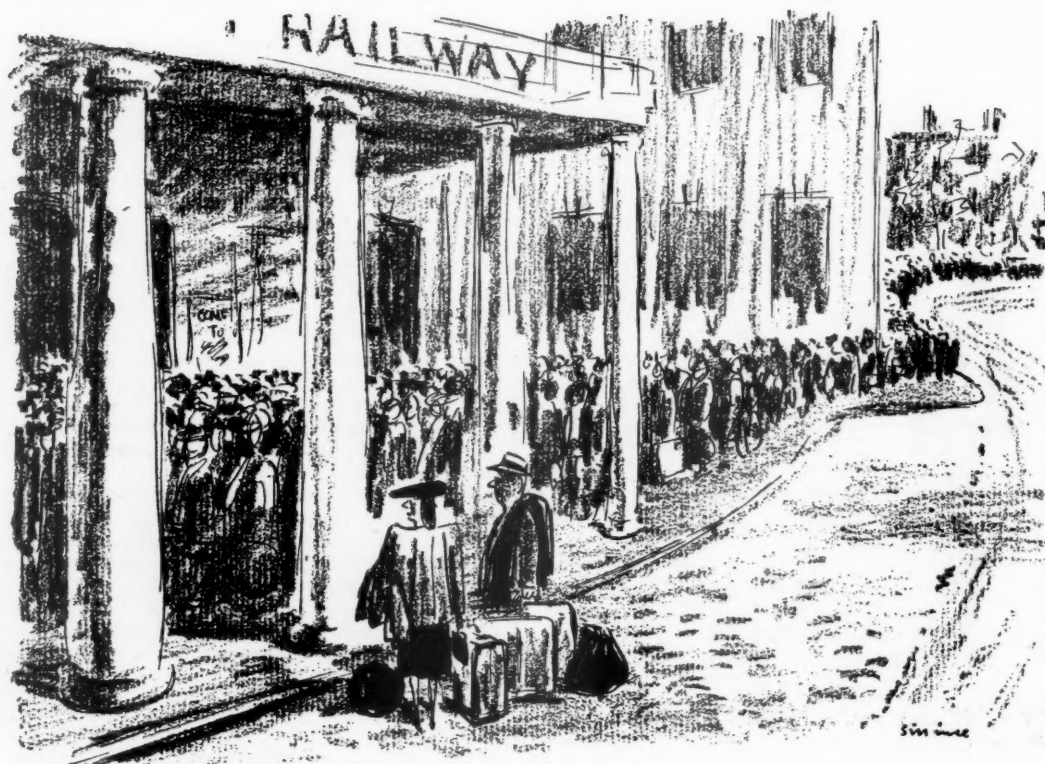
M. D.

Frankness is All.

"Mr. — replied to the effect that the war had been fought in order to obtain freedom; and he himself felt so strongly on this that he had been almost tempted to join in the war, but had restrained himself as he felt it was his duty to maintain production; he felt he had been justified in this and had made quite a good thing of it."—*Kenya paper.*



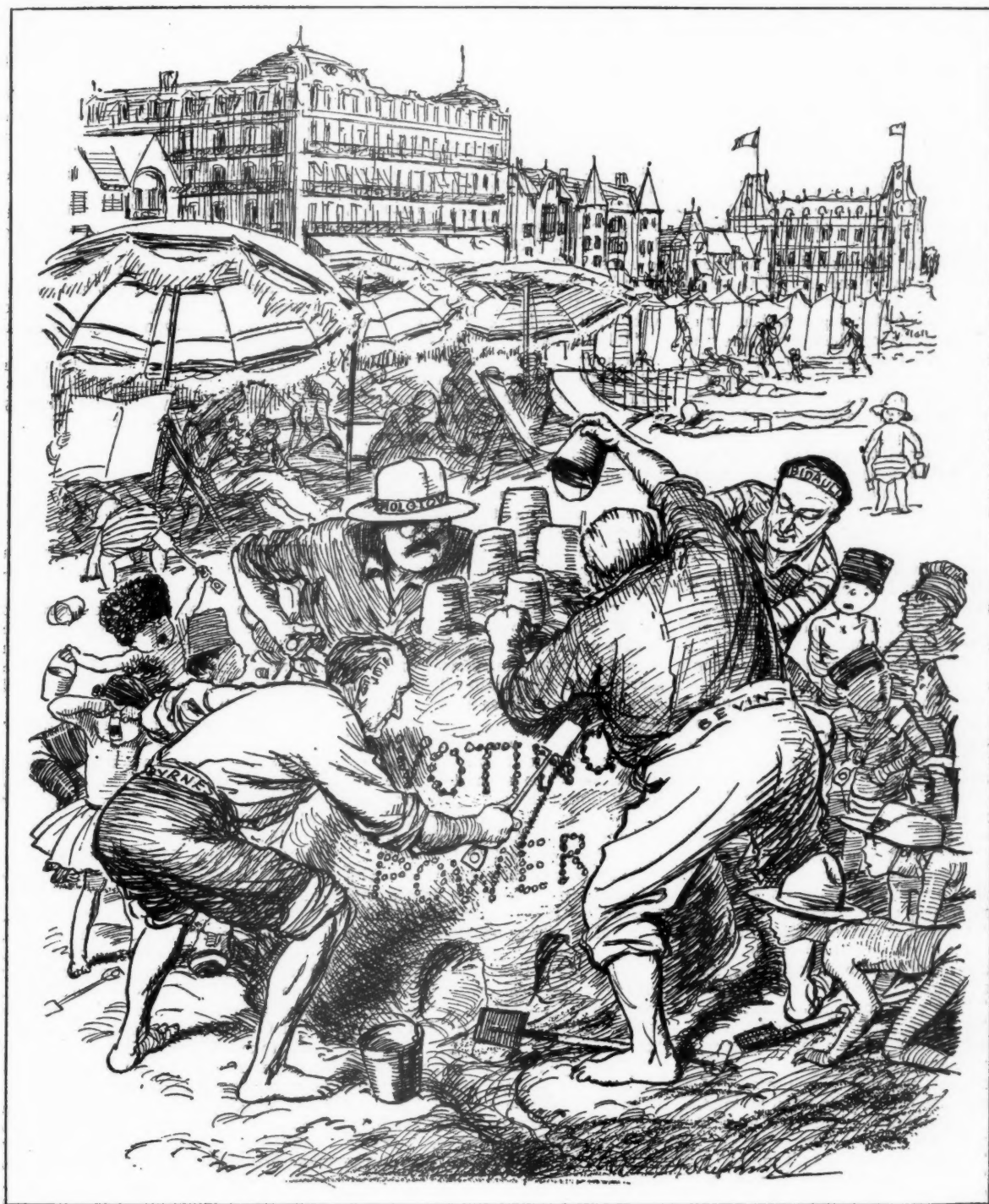
"Mine swears too."



"There's nothing else for it—we'd better find another taxi and go back to the end of the queue."

Bloomsbury Blues

- I** WISH people wouldn't ask me what I thought of Kierkegaard before I've had time to think.
- I wish I knew whether Amphitryon '39 was a nightclub or a drink.
- I wish I hadn't thought The Private Papers of Henry Ryecroft was written by H. G. Wells.
- I wish I had the nerve to pretend I didn't know who wrote *The Bells*.
- I wish Stephen wouldn't keep on saying "Joyce, we really must ask Isherwood round to the flat more."
- I wish I knew the difference between Walter Pater and Coventry Patmore.
- I wish I had the faintest idea what that man with the beard meant when he said he thought Strindberg was the spiritual father of the Kailyard School.
- I wish that admitting that I never go to miniature theatres in the outer suburbs didn't mark me at once as a Philistine or a fool.
- I wish I knew when to talk about Dylan or Hardy and when to put in the Thomas.
- I wish it weren't quite so obvious that every time anyone says "functional" we are meant to imagine the inverted commas.
- I wish they hadn't been so crushing when I said I thought Baudelaire was a trifle risqué.
- I wish that Joyce would restrain herself with the absinthe and be rather more free with the whisky.
- I wish they would talk about something besides the prophetic influence of Kafka on the *Commedia dell' Arte*.
- I wish I'd read a book called *How to be the Life of the Party*.
- I wish that nice girl hadn't said that much as she admired Emerson she thought Isidore Zangwill was subtler.
- I wish I'd realized before I came that there are two of Sir Walter Raleigh and more than one Samuel Butler.
- I wish that people would make it clear that they are liable to be talking about anything but opera whenever they mention Faust.
- I wish I didn't have to think twice about whether it's Proost or Prowst.
- I wish I knew whether Thoreau wrote Walden or Walden wrote Thoreau.
- But above all I wish I saw some distant prospect of grabbing my coat, saying with conviction "Good-bye, dears. It's been *such* fun," and getting out of here some time before to-morrow.



PARIS PLAGE

"Give us a chance; we can't get a spade in edgeways."

Pernicious Weeds

"I THINK I can fairly say I have the best bindweed in the county," said James proudly. "My nettles are good, my thistles well above average, but my bindweed is magnificent. Everybody says so."

"You probably have the right soil for it," I said. I was trying to disengage a rich carpet of the stuff from James's peas.

"That and the fact that we know when to leave it alone. As a townsman you wouldn't understand, but weeds are very deep-thinking organisms, and to keep worrying them when they're young, as so many gardeners do, is only to produce a profound sense of bitterness which drives them into all kinds of displeasing subterfuges. I believe in letting them go through all the agonies of adolescence, to arrive at middle age with a false sense of security. They waste a vast amount of energy and can offer a readily grabbable stem. It's then that I swoop."

"You swoop?"

James lit his pipe calmly.

"Alter the line to 'we swoop,' by all means," he said.

We prodded the good earth. Time passed. Worms turned.

"What are you supposed to be doing, James?"

"Niggling work. But this herb-garden is a magnet for the coarser grasses. No sooner do I throw them out than up they leap again. I hate grass in the salad."

"I don't believe this filthy bindweed has been touched since I was here last."

"I don't suppose it has."

It was said too innocently and I looked up sharply. James sat back comfortably on an old sack.

"I hadn't really meant to tell you," he said, "but you know you have the temperament for bindweed to a very rare degree."

"That's nice of you, James."

"Time means nothing to you. Even as a little boy you were not impetuous. And above all you have the same grotesque patience which prompts a Persian to begin a rug when he knows he won't finish it till he's a great-grandfather."

"So the bindweed is all mine?"

"Oh, the moment I bought this cottage I marked you down for it. He's got bindweed written all over him," I said. The only thing that still worries me is your lamentable horticultural ignorance."

"Say that again, James."

"You're quite sure you really do know which is pea and which is bindweed?"

"Look here——"

"These peas mean a great deal to starving England. Ducks are maturing to match. In the early stages peas are not unlike bindweed. Naturally, being a countryman, I should know the difference blindfold, but it's nothing to be ashamed of if a cockney like you doesn't quite——"

The great mat of weed which I flung at him fell over his head like a blanket.

"What about the thistles?" I asked, while he was still fighting his way back.

"The thistles are all George's. They bring out the best in him in a wonderful way. George is a born hunter. To see him getting to grips with a huge rogue thistle is to realize how civilization has let him down by making him traffic in the sedentary squalor of the law. When I meet him at the station there is a primeval gleam in his eyes, and before the train has stopped he yells, dear ingenuous fellow, 'How are the thistles?'"

"And the nettles?"

"They're Arthur's cup of D.D.T. He's a natural butcher. We give him a sickle after breakfast and we scarcely see him again all day. The Saracens would have simply loathed Arthur."

"A Guest for Every Weed' would look well on your crest."

"It would be a sin to waste this lovely downland air. We generally have someone for the week-end."

"And all rotated according to the state of the garden?"

"You always have put things with a fearful lack of finesse," James complained. "It's magnificent exercise. You all go away looking twice the men."

"With three times the lumbago. I think it's the most cynical thing I've ever heard," I said. "Do George and Arthur know the facts about your hospitality?"

"Unlike you they both have a most engaging simplicity. Breathe a word to shatter it," James hissed, "and you never darken my bindweed again."

"I'm not sure I want to."

"There's still a whole bin of the Margaux."

"If ever I come again that'll be the only reason."

"It's as sound a one as any, and getting sounder."

For quite a long time we prodded the good earth. Then James got up and

straightened his long back with a grunt.

"That's the last of that infernal grass," he said. "Hallo, here's Kitchen."

A leathery old man stuck a fork into the ground and leaned over it. He studied James with the keen all-over look of an experienced nannie.

"Herbs are looking good, Kitchen, aren't they?" James asked.

"Good enough, sir," said Kitchen, guardedly. "But I see they young chives is gone again."

"Chives?" James demanded.

"Three times now I put in a row of young plants, but they don't seem to do 'ereabout. Maybe it's they dratted blackbirds."

"And maybe not," he added under his breath for my benefit, as James, whistling uneasily, moved sharply away from the herb-garden. ERIC.

Home Chat

"HULLLO, my pet. You look a bit peculiar. What's happened?"

"Darling, don't ask me to repeat what I am going to tell you. Please don't say 'What?' at the end. I am trying so hard to be calm. I shall force myself to tell you quietly if you will listen and try to be intelligent."

"You are beginning to get me jittery now."

"Darling, the Sandfords are going from next door, and Mrs. Rushworth has been to ask if we know anybody who would like the cottage."

"If we know *what*?"

"Oh, darling, I *did* ask you!"

"What does she mean: If we know anybody?"

"Perhaps it has not sunk in yet. You are slower than I in the uptake. We have agreed about that before. There are some things you do better than I do. Listening is not one of them. Perhaps you had better walk round the garden while you think it over, and I will take some aspirins. If I look peculiar it is because I have been all day in possession of this secret, and I feel, frankly, as if I were walking from room to room with a large bag of wet sand hanging from my neck. I know now how those people who knew about the atom bomb felt before it was used. You and I alone are, I suppose, the only living people at this identical moment who actually *know* of a cottage to let *cheap*—with no snags, no black market, and vacant next week. I tell you, darling, we *know* of one.

And ten thousand couples would give their souls to be told where it is. Sit down, hold my tiny hand, look at me, and tell me—*who*, of all these thousands of pleading people are we to tell first? Don't ask me to repeat that, darling. I don't know what I have said. I am saying things you ought to write down and read back to me when I am calmer. I want you to remember in this critical hour the tramping queue of visionaries moving wide-eyed through the uncharitable streets; people like ourselves, simple, kindly and forlorn, praying as they walk, pausing to search advertisements, paying to advertise, pestering house agents, ringing up local authorities, importuning strangers, ringing at door bells, offering bribes and getting questions asked in Parliament—in vain. Yet here, in this quiet room, which suddenly seems holy, you and I sit staring into space, knowing we could tell them of a cottage to let if only we knew which couple to tell. Don't interrupt me, darling, I know what you will say—the Bantings. I was going to say the Forresters myself. I know I ought to say the Barretts because we know them best and they have looked longest. But then the Simpsons would hear about it and would turn upon us. She in particular would be vindictive. She would say that we promised. And we did. We also promised the Arkwrights, the Binns and the Wellings. If ever we heard the vaguest whisper, we said, of a house, bungalow or farm, a derelict doss-house, blitzed building, caravan on a slag heap, or converted cow-shed we would telephone them instantly and reverse the charges. The Murphys will take this hardest. Except for Mrs. Cunningham. And I suppose Mrs. Marchant will commit suicide on our door-step. And the Dakins. He could hurt you in business, and he would do if he thought you could have told him and didn't. Yesterday I was so happy. To-day this thing has fallen like a curse."

"But, darling, the point is surely that I, as a business man, now have something of value to divulge, and naturally I shall not divulge it until I find somebody in the City who has something equally valuable to divulge to me. Then I can do a deal."

"If you are going to take that line, darling, why not put on a domino and sell the address in sealed envelopes outside Charing Cross station?"

"I don't think you should let this age you in a day, my pet."

"But it has done. And it will age you too if you have a conscience. No matter whom we tell, we shall realize too late that it was a tragic mistake,



and we shall never live it down. My hand keeps reaching for the telephone and I try to ring up somebody, only to find an uncanny voice manifesting itself at my shoulder, and an unseen hand plucking at my sleeve. Darling, I shall lose all my friends through this, and people I don't even know will haunt me when they are dead because they deserved a little human charity and I never gave them a thought. . . . Is that somebody at the door?"

"Yes, I will go and see."

* * * * *

"It was Mrs. Rushworth, darling. Since she spoke to you she has had an offer to buy. It is so handsome she cannot refuse. A condition is that she must sell both cottages to be knocked into one and extended. She had no option but to agree. The cottage next

door is not to let. And we are being put out ourselves next quarter-day."

"Well, you will be furious with me, I suppose, for saying so, but I will tell you quite frankly, darling, I now feel as if a most terrible burden had been lifted from my shoulders. By this evening I shall be carefree again. Do try and see it that way, sweetheart, too."

o o

Straight from the Shoulder

"A short time ago the amenities of the Recreation Ground was the subject of cycling along the footpaths. The latest subjection of walkers has not been confined to the hazards of walkers and playing children, as a recent walk to the Library proved the contestants of privilege the audacity of ringing the bell to admit of their intensity of selfishness. Words do not avail of the utterances of the conflicting mind, but 'let me tell you.'—*Hants paper.*

Song of the Road

I

AFTER some fuss, justifiably begun by Mr. H. G. Strauss, M.P., the Highway Code has been issued with the Authority of Parliament, though portions of Parliament thought little of much of it, and even the Ministers admitted that some of it might be clearer and better. This being not wholly satisfactory to the "road-user", we feel we ought to be helpful; and we have ventured to put some sections into memorable verse. If anyone cares, we will do the whole thing.

Here and there, you will see, we have expanded or contracted, and even shifted the emphasis. It is just as memorable.

TO ALL ROAD USERS.

1. "The Highway Code is a set of common-sense provisions for the guidance and safety of all who use the roads. Consideration for others as well as for yourself is the key-note of the Code. Remember that you have responsibilities as well as rights."

Before you take, or cross, the road
Read, learn, and mark the Highway Code.

For this may save you from the block
When you are standing in the dock.
Still more important, it may save
Some charming Briton from the grave.
Remember, if in any doubt,
You're not the only chap about.
You have your rights: if I were you
I'd read about your duties too.

2. "Be careful and courteous yourself at all times: allow for other people doing something silly at any minute."

Be, Sir, yourself the perfect knight,
And, courteous, careful, cool,
Assume that everyone in sight
Is just a — fool.

3. "Be sure that you are fit to use the road. Alcohol, even in small amounts, lowers your alertness and sense of caution. A fraction of a second may make all the difference between safety and disaster. If you cannot give the necessary concentration you are risking not only your own life but the lives of others. Many drugs have the same effect and so also has fatigue."

The Highway's such a roaring Hell
You must be fit, alert and well.
Unless you are as fresh as foam
It's better far to stay at home.
You ought to be a cross between
A mountain-goat and a Marine.
How many are the tiny things
Can get a citizen his wings!
A blink—a twitch—a fly in eye—
A roving glance—and you're sky-high.
That hand upon the girl-friend's knee
Is asking for a heavenly see.

That golden head upon the shoulder
Has stopped a few from growing older.
Then alcohol, it's understood,
May sometimes do you less than good.
The common cry you should amend—
"None for the road" is best, my friend.
Some drugs (they do not tell us what)
Don't help the motorist a lot.
I should not make the pace too warm
On laudanum or chloroform.
The man behind you's quite unsound,
But, if you argue, don't look round.
If you are nodding, stop and take
A little walk till you're awake:
And keep reflecting, "Here I sit,
A lethal weapon! Am I fit?"

4. "Learn the signals used for regulating traffic and by drivers of vehicles. (See pages 14 to 19 inclusive.)"

Study the signals which are used to show

The way the natives mean, or ought, to go.

How many ashes lie at Golders Green
Through wilful ignorance of page 16!

5. "The policeman regulating traffic has a responsible job to do. When he is busy don't put questions to him; they may distract his attention. If you want to know the way ask someone else."

When Robert, with majestic hand,
Controls the traffic in the Strand,
Don't ask the officer the way,
Or "Where's the nearest matinée?"
He has enough upon his mind
Without inquiries of that kind.

6. "Keep your dog under control whether it is on the road or on a vehicle. Many a person has been killed or injured because a driver swerved to avoid a dog."

Control your dog. The angels have a hymn

About the dogs that darted from the side

And sent them soaring to the Seraphim.
The dog survived: but some bread-winner died.

7. "Watch the children. Accidents to small children are terribly frequent."

Children, like dogs, observe no ordered plan.

Nevertheless, control them—if you can.

8. "If you are a parent or guardian teach your own children to cross the road safely and set them an example by your own road conduct. Do not let your children play in the streets. Children under seven should be accompanied by an older person when using busy roads."

If you control a horrid child or two,
Do on the road as you would have them do.

They should not play in streets. No more must you
Sit down to Bridge in Shaftesbury Avenue.

* * * * *
Till they are seven they should cross the Strand

With elders, we suggest, and hand-in-hand.

(At seven, of course, all mysteries are known,
And they can bound across the Strand alone.)

As a PEDESTRIAN study this Section.

GENERAL

9. "Where there is a footpath use it. If there is no footpath it is generally better to walk on the right so as to face oncoming traffic."

Where there's a footpath follow it with care

(And hope no motor-car pursues you there):

Where there's no footpath walk upon the right
(It's best to keep the enemy in sight).

10. "On a footpath do not walk alongside the kerb in the same direction as the nearer stream of traffic."

The same wise rule should guide your feet

When you are in a city street;
So do not hug the gutter, mind,
With traffic coming up behind.

11. "Do not step off the footpath unless you have made sure that it is safe to do so."

Do not step off the path till you can say

"I'm sure it's safe to cross the King's Highway."

When you're as sure as that, go in and win;

You're a better man than I am,
Gunga Din.

12. "Wait until a bus or tram has stopped at a recognized stopping place before you get on or off."

Wait till the tram has stopped. The public streets

Are not the place for bold athletic feats.
You're good at jumping; but we don't much mind:

Moreover, there's a lorry just behind.
If you must show how excellent your nerve is

Pray join the Army, or the Merchant Service.

13. "Do not walk on a cycle track; leave it free for the cyclists."

Don't walk upon a cycle track,
Or they will biff you in the back.

14. "Never stand in the road at a blind corner or other place where you may not be seen by approaching drivers."

If you must stand upon the public roads

Discussing how the atom bomb explodes

Select a stretch where you are well in view,

Lest atoms lose all interest for you.

CROSSING THE ROAD.

15. "Before you cross the road, stop, look right, left, and right again; then cross at right angles, keeping a careful look-out all the time. Be specially alert on one-way traffic roads."

Look right, look left, look right again; and then

Step straight across the thoroughfare and pray

(And if your neck is fashioned like a hen

Keep a look-out all round you all the way).

16. "Where there is a pedestrian crossing, refuge, overbridge or subway—use it. (See page 28.)"

Use the nice "crossings", or you may Be justly classified a "jay";

Though I am not prepared to swear That you will not be slaughtered there. But, if you are, it's comforting To know you've done the proper thing.

Where no "Belisha" can be found, It's best to burrow underground, Or emulate the fly or midge And soar to safety by a bridge.

17. "If your view of the traffic is obscured by a stationary vehicle or other obstruction, take particular care. If you don't, you may be knocked down."

When anchored cars obstruct the view Especial care's required of you.

As natives in the jungle creep Alert to meet the lion's leap; As convicts, fugitive from jail, Peer through the hedges, taut and pale;

So shall you peep between the cars. One step, and you are with the stars.

18. "A slippery road is dangerous. Watch your step."

In case you didn't know it, here's a tip:

When roads are slippery a chap may slip.

19. "At traffic signals or at a police-controlled crossing watch the traffic as well as the signals and cross the road only when you see that it is safe. Look out for traffic turning the corner."

Observe the signs; but watch the traffic too:

For no one knows what anyone will do.

"Cross Now" the signal shines; you march ahead:

A man comes round the corner and you're dead.

You're in the right, maybe, but he has got

Ten—twenty—thirty horses: you have not.

20. "Where pedestrian-operated signals are provided, use them, and wait until you see the 'Cross Now' signal."

It's fun to press a button and see the cars give way—

About the only moment when you seem to have a say:

So use the little buttons and wait until "Cross Now".

In short, behave like citizens instead of like a cow. A. P. H.



At the Play

"DAY AFTER TO-MORROW" (FORTUNE)

PLANNERS and controllers and career-couponists are seldom folk who like being laughed at, but it will need satire more searching than this to penetrate the fastnesses of the paper-girt encampments of Whitehall. Mr. KIERAN TUNNEY and Mr. SIMON WARDELL have a good theme, and one full of appeal for a weary and form-ridden public, but they have failed to nail it squarely down. They have failed in the first place to decide whether it is comedy or farce they are after, and in the second to crystallize a number of excellent situations. They have wit and they have invention, but they seem very uncertain how to use them and too often they throw them completely away.

The predicament of the *Fletcher* family "in the near future" is perfectly acceptable. Father is in the Rest Centre at Welwyn Garden City—become a notorious concentration-camp—for buying eggs off the ration. Mother, having dissipated her fortune in ways additional to those generously provided by the Chancellor of the Exchequer, has filled her Mayfair home with an assortment of p.g.'s which includes *Aunt Winifred*, a hearty hypochondriac who has taken a death-bed on a long lease. Grandmother, old *Lady Tulse*, who has sold her country place, has also come to stay, bringing grandfather, a deaf and captious military veteran. Into this madhouse all unsuspecting (had nobody written to him?) comes young *Richard Fletcher* from nine years' soldiering in the East, thirsting for a little sober recreation. Every outlet for human energy he finds neatly covered by official bits of paper. Of his two girl-friends, one has become an alcoholic and the other, more horrible still, a statistician; his mother's trusty housemaid is now a Government informer, and her house invaded by preposterous women waving documents to justify their requisitioning of her pictures and their blunt demands for immediate consideration of the birth-rate. *Richard*,

poor fellow, has been fighting for a heaven of different shape, and it is not surprising that when his grandmother, having at last spoken her mind to a nark of the new OGPU, arranges to sneak quietly away in a yacht to the tonic tranquillity of Burma, the whole party goes with her, all except *Aunt Winifred*, who continues to thump her bedroom floor with muscular monotony.

Lady Tulse, an invigorating and delightful old person, is beautifully taken by Miss MARJORIE FIELDING

Miss PHYLLIS DARE (*Mrs. Fletcher*) and Mr. ERIC MATURIN (grandfather) are largely wasted. Mr. ANDREW OSBORN makes an agreeable young warrior and Mr. JOHN PENROSE a good mouthpiece for wisecracks. Miss ANTOINETTE CELLIER (alc.) and Miss FELICITY GOWER (stats.) do all they can, and Miss IRENE HANDL and Miss AUDREY NOBLE as the raiding uncivil servants distil some fun; but not nearly so much as they might have done if this attack on planning had itself been better planned.

"GRIM FAIRY TALE" (EMBASSY)

The executioner's revenge is a theme surely pullulating with drama; but the strength of Mr. MONCKTON HOFFE's play is the curiously innocent quality, almost in the folk tradition, of the first two acts, its weakness the mechanical inevitability of the end. While *Eddie* and *Gwenie*, two lonely souls, are meeting and marrying and settling down to the enviable life of the master-bargee, living in their own comfortable lighter on the Thames, the piece is charming, for it is a simple love-story, delicately told, and played by Miss LEUEEN MACGRATH and Mr. EDWARD CHAPMAN with engaging naturalness. When Mr. ARTHUR LAWRENCE's dashing Swedish sailor comes on the scene we tremble for their happiness and are moved when *Gwenie* falls for him and *Eddie* fights him and is apparently killed, and we are very much moved by the halting little statement of her love for *Eddie* which *Gwenie* makes to the police before she shoots herself.

But when *Eddie*, who under a pseudonym is a professional hangman on the side, returns miraculously from the bed of the Thames to go through with the ghastly farce of *Olaf's* execution for his own supposed murder, the play sags, for the scenes in court and in the condemned cell are something of an anti-climax. Emotionally the play ends with *Gwenie's* suicide. All that remains is the relationship between the two men, and it is not developed; *Eddie* has no more to do than stand woodenly by his writhing victim, taking a stolid revenge at which the most we can feel is disgust. ERIC.

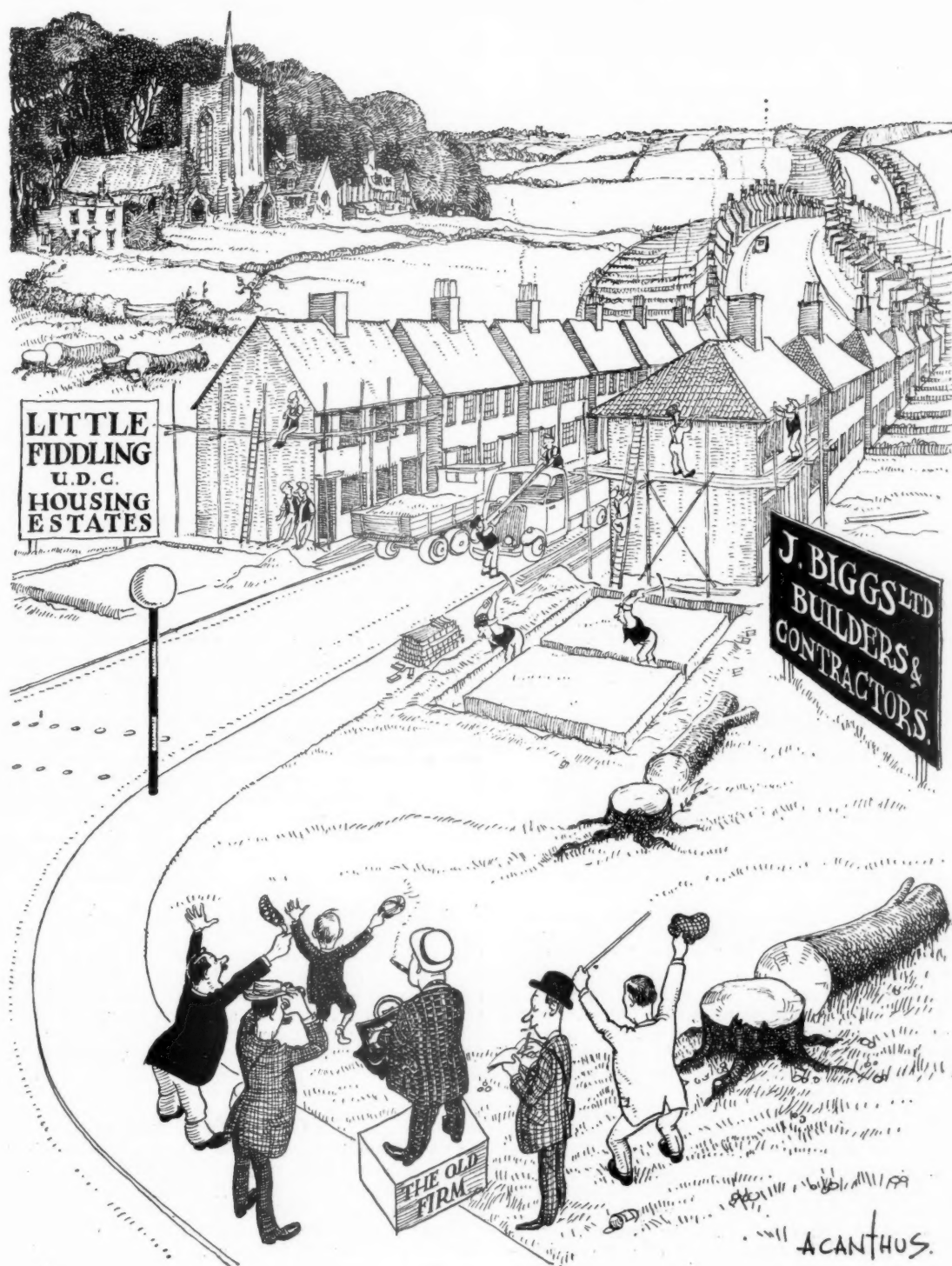


THE LADY FROM THE MINISTRY OF FULLER BASSINETTES

<i>Richard Fletcher</i>	MR. ANDREW OSBORN
<i>Enid Fletcher</i>	MISS PHYLLIS DARE
<i>Sir Gervase Tulse</i>	MR. ERIC MATURIN
<i>Lady Tulse</i>	MISS MARJORIE FIELDING
<i>Miss Patch</i>	MISS IRENE HANDL

and is far and away the best thing in a most uneven play. Her daughter is as feeble a character as *Lady Tulse* is a good one. By making *Mrs. Fletcher* almost an imbecile the authors have only obscured her more vital rôle as a victim. Indeed their fear of not being funny enough is evident all the time, driving them to lay on their colours too thick. I think Mr. ESME PERCY would have been wiser to abandon the idea of comedy and to produce the whole piece, including the love-scenes, which are slow and stiff, at the pace of farce.

Those accomplished performers,



"Come on, Council!" . . . "Come on, Private Enterprise!"



"And remember when, as your N.C.O., I told you to get your hair cut, you said you'd just like to hear me talk to you like that in civvy street? Well, get your hair cut. . . . Satisfied?"

Our Booking-Office

(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks)

A Great War Diary

IN *World Blackout* and *The Reeling Earth* Mrs. SARAH GERTRUDE MILLIN, the friend and biographer of General Smuts, gave an absorbingly vivid account of the war in its first two years, as seen from South Africa. Her third volume, *The Pit of the Abyss* (FABER, 16/-), which is at the same high level as its predecessors, deals with what was for Britain the hardest and dreariest period of the war, from September 1941 to September 1942. The stimulus of the year when the British Empire was fighting alone had died away, our disasters in the Far East were, it seemed to us, being repaired by America, our reverses in North Africa were not yet repaired by ourselves, and the fact that we had given Russia two years in which to prepare herself against Germany was not held by large sections of our population to weigh against our reluctance to add an invasion of Europe to all our other tasks. It is interesting to notice the mixture of admiration and apprehension which permeates Mrs. MILLIN's references to Russia during this year. So early as February 1942 she writes—"Well, we want to be friendly with Russia. But do we have to be friendly with Russia?" As the year advanced our prestige dwindled, until an American journalist compendiously remarked to Mrs. MILLIN of our generals—"They stink." By way of a retort, belated but crushing, Mrs. MILLIN finishes this volume with General Montgomery's "There will be no withdrawals. Absolutely none. None whatever. None." H. K.

An Eagle in a Cage

It came less expensive to have a penchant for the French during the Napoleonic Wars than it did to have a weakness for the Germans in our last two. There is a Welsh story of girls who stole a yacht and made off to Brittany with their prisoner-lovers, coming back later to see their kin and show their wedding-rings. This is beaten by STEPHEN SOUTHWOLD's circumstantial legend of the Devon lady who sympathetically followed the fortunes of Napoleon; and did, according to Brixham tradition, a great deal more. For a week of July, 1815, the *Bellerophon*, bound for St. Helena, stood off the little port where Diana Gordon kept house for her father, Admiral Craddock, during the unavoidable absence of her husband at Waterloo. The prelude to Diana's escapade occupies the major part of *A Romance in Lavender* (HALE, 8/6). It is all convincing enough until its vivacious cast takes pen in hand to bridge the gap between Brixham and Brussels. An imaginary letter from a Georgian batman to his wife obviously presents difficulties. The same may be said of an English attempt to rescue Boney. Yet neither Tom Nicholls as a war correspondent nor Diana Gordon as a wholly unscrupulous Flora Macdonald can wholly queer such a lively pitch as this one. H. P. E.

Tempest in Tea-Cup

The title of Miss G. B. STERN's novel, *The Reasonable Shores* (CASSELL, 8/6), is borrowed from *The Tempest*, as are the chapter headings—"Full Fathom Five," "The Still-Vex'd Bermoothes," "Suffer a Sea Change," "I Flam'd Amazement," and so on. In the actual contents of her novel, however, there is little to remind the reader of Shakespeare. Her heroine, Jessamy Blake, is a school-girl when the book opens. Her mother, "calm, vague, unhumorous, long-legged," has just left home with an artist friend; her father, kicked by a mule early in the war of 1914 and thus prevented from going on active service, solaces his self-esteem by a study of Marlborough's campaigns and a resolute refusal to take any interest in the war of 1939; her brothers and sisters are in varying degrees at odds with themselves and one another. In this unpromising situation Jessamy is comforted by the prospect of playing *Ariel* in the school theatricals, Miss Carruthers, one of her mistresses, having divined her possibilities—"the way her bones go, and how her eyes are set in under straight brows; the bright line of her throat; the fugitive quality of lightness and longing . . ." But her Uncle Lionel, who has come to console his brother-in-law, brings Jessamy home to run the house. *Ariel* is played by another girl, and Jessamy passes from trouble to trouble until finally rescued by an American airman from the variegated villainies of her uncle, a whimsical and completely callous sentimentalist, drawn with considerable verisimilitude. H. K.

Gardener's Year

The gardener's year, as Mrs. ETHEL ARMITAGE points out in *Flower and Leaf* (GIFFORD, 7/6), has no beginning and no end. In its eternal reassurance it is one of the most pious spans of human activity. Of its utility—apart from fashionable aberrations fostered by the trade—there can be no doubt; and it was a very great ecclesiastic who put life into a somewhat funeral conversation by saying "If I am any use to a tree, put me underneath it." Mrs. ARMITAGE's gallant little diary of a war-year's gardening does not descend to soil-fertility or rise to metaphysics.

One could have done with fewer floral and more vegetable-and-fruit reminiscences; and more—even though merely nostalgic—store-cupboard hints from a woman who has the proper squirrel attitude towards hoarding. She gives you a series of sound tips on growing roses from cuttings; but has not apparently gathered that you can keep your rose-beds permanently carpeted and not bare, if your soil is deep and rich enough. Botanists will appreciate her discoveries of English orchises in downland and marsh; and all genuine countrywomen will endorse her plea for less extraneous "culture" "while such fundamentals as quiet, isolation, trees and even food—which is removed and returned in tins—are taken away." H. P. E.

The Happy Wanderer

Islands are Mr. DOUGLAS GOLDRING's passion, and a very good passion too; in *Journeys in the Sun* (MACDONALD, 10/6), a collection of his pre-war travel essays wittily prefaced by Mr. HUGH KINGSMILL, he takes us to Sardinia (where he came on a magnificent legend of English sportsmen hunting moufflon in the nineteenth century while an invisible guard of carabinieri thoughtfully provided by the authorities held off the bandits) to Gavrinis off Morbihan, to the Iles d'Hyères (doesn't he overpraise Porquerolles?), and to the Balearics, as well as to the Côtes des Maures, the Ligurian Coast and La Rochelle. He is a traveller after this reviewer's heart in that he has a vast distaste for crawling through crypts, preferring to learn about a country in cafés and third-class carriages, and certainly he is an amusing companion with a rare knack for pinning down local colour. His pages are full of curious people, from the oasis of English professional alcoholics he unearthed in Brittany to the young Italian at Riva who walked and talked him almost to death; and there are meals and local wines to make one sigh (though he went to Ramatuelle, behind St. Tropez, without remarking its exotic vintage). He loves France and the French and understands them well; much better than he seems to understand his own countrymen, on whose insularity he is inclined to rant. It can be an infuriating state of mind, but the type of Englishman he most abhors did much to save France. This intolerance, the only jarring note in an otherwise delightful book, leads him into making the extraordinary suggestion that the guidebook of the Club des Sans-Club is for wealthy barbarians in high-powered cars. It is nothing of the sort, being an unfailing friend to the humblest sort of gastronome.

E. O. D. K.

Making Good

Mr. WARWICK DEEPING's latest book, *The Impudence of Youth* (CASSELL, 9/6), has, like most of his others, a moral, though he is too benign a writer to force anything like its full weight on to the hero. In fact as one reads one keeps regarding the author as a conscientious godfather to John Pope, the clever little village boy whose aunt was anxious for him to have his chance. So Mr. DEEPING grants him scholarships and lets him be bullied. He allows him to develop into an uppish medical student, marry a nice little wife, become a doctor, and then abandon his profession so that he can become research chemist for a company producing proprietary cures. Between and after these events the author dispenses small and large doses of sadness. There are times when we begin to feel a little anxious, for, in spite of his obstinacy, conceit and tiresome way of throwing off his clothes to dance in woodlands, John Pope has reason for his rages and a heart that is generally kept

in its right place. And of course everything does come right in the end except for the villain who had bullied John at Cambridge, but he was so ill, anyway, that his death matters to nobody. By maintaining belief in decency and kindness and integrity, Mr. DEEPING has stuck pretty closely to his old formulas, and for that one may be grateful in this faith-rocking age.

B. E. B.

"A Strange Time to Travel"

The remark of the Italian officer at Messina to the amateur crew of the *Evelyn Hope*—"It is rather a strange time to be travelling"—is one with which a good many readers of Mr. GIBSON COWAN's eventful odyssey, *The Voyage of the "Evelyn Hope"* (CRESSET PRESS, 8/6), will find themselves in agreement. As a matter of fact, the title is rather a misnomer; the *Evelyn Hope*, for which, incidentally, her owner had so little feeling that he persistently refers to her as "it," vanishes from the narrative, unwept, unhonoured and unsung, after being impounded by the authorities at Messina, and thereafter her former owners had to have recourse to what the Ministry of Transport calls "public transport." With a determination worthy, one cannot help feeling, of a better cause, these persistent tourists succeeded in keeping just ahead of the war until it finally caught them up in Crete, when they at last made the somewhat belated discovery that "you can't live in a world of your own, you have to live in other people's world." There are some interesting sidelights on the Mediterranean islands in time of war, and a pleasant account of life on Syra; and the concluding chapter in which the travellers finally discover that they cannot get away from the war is the most convincing part of the book, perhaps because the mentality behind the entire enterprise is so difficult to comprehend that it makes the whole business seem curiously unreal.

C. F. S.



"There's still a great shortage of theatres"



"I hates being cooped up in the country, miss."

Family Conclave

SELINA said "Why can't we do *Antony and Cleopatra*? Then we won't have to push old Fuzz into an ass's head. I thought we'd choked him last time."

"We can't possibly do *Antony and Cleopatra*," Mother always raises her eyebrows when she has that not-before-the-children look.

"Why on earth?" Father tapped out his pipe against the grate.

"Oh, John, mind what you're doing! Mrs. Smith always hates sweeping your ash from the hearth."

"Blow that woman!" said father, and dusted it off with his handkerchief.

"John! How piggy!" Mother's eyebrows shot up nearly into her hair. "That's the last of your linen ones, too."

"Mother, you said I shouldn't call Selina a pig." Toots thumped his spoon against his egg-cup like a tattoo. "Go slow on the crocks, old man," said father. "Isn't that the last china egg-cup, by the way?"

"Yes, I think so." Mother counted mentally. "Mrs. Smith broke the

blue-and-gilt one we gave Jane with a chocolate egg in 1939, and—"

"But, my dear, one can always improvise!" Aunt Jo leaned forward eagerly. "You know I met a most charming woman going over to Dieppe—the year you went to Wales—and she told me you could always stand an egg in a table-napkin ring. I think she said serviette, but what do these things matter? She had the most interesting theories about the moon and what it does to you."

"What does it do?" asked Toots, licking the marmalade spoon.

"Toots!" Mother did *Lady Macbeth* once and I think it stuck to her. You know—her voice goes all deep and gurgly when she's rattled. I mean annoyed.

"I still don't see why we can't do *Antony and Cleopatra*," said Selina, who is simply a terrier with a rat when she gets hold of an idea.

"You're forgetting the Manor," said mother very quietly. "Now do stop arguing. I can't think why you want such a—a romantic play."

Father laughed. I wish he wouldn't be funny when I can't see the joke. Selina did, or pretended to. She's putting on side since she won that tennis cup.

"Oh, yes. The Manor." Aunt Jo took off her glasses and put them on again. "So curious—after those charming Hardicanutes living there all these years. 'Time's Reverses,' as dear Hardy says. I can't think why you never tried to meet him when you were in Dorset. Your uncle's always stayed in Cornwall, where he met his first wife. But do you think the Manor would really mind?"

"I should think it would tickle them up," said father. "That is, if they see the resemblance. Frankly, I don't. I can't speak for *Antony's* looks, but I do know that *Cleopatra* could give points to Mrs. Siren-Suit. Otherwise there wouldn't have been all those wars and what-nots about her."

"Who shall judge?" said Aunt Jo. "And, anyway, the Vicar has called on the Manor. I thought it rather wonderful of him, especially as not even a marrow went to the last Harvest

Festival. After all, it's a question of example."

"Get down, Toots," said mother. "And don't scrape your chair. Did you make all those crumbs?"

"The bread did," said Toots, and went out of the room without shutting the door. He just gets away with that kind of thing since he had pneumonia. It's sickening.

"Mother," said Selina in her rather special voice, "if we can't have a *real* play I think I'd rather be left out this year."

"Nonsense!" said father. "That's the last thing you'd like. Your mother's right. We can't have the Serpent of the Nile loose in our rural community. And of course the Manor might be sensitive."

"I doubt it," said Aunt Jo. "I hate to sound censorious, but from what one hears—"

She shut up suddenly. Mother was wriggling her eyebrows again. I suppose that meant me. And it's all such rot, really, for I'm writing about Angela's marriage now, and she's going to divorce Patrick in a few chapters. So why shouldn't I get a few tips about the Manor and their goings-on, as Nannie calls them. I'm not sure who goes or where, but it seems important and exciting.

"I must get the curtains cleaned," said mother. "The black-out simply wore everything out."

"But some people bleach them for sheets," said Aunt Jo. "Very wise and patriotic. Of course you could make them into shirts for displaced persons, but I do feel our own people should be given something after our strenuous years."

"Will you ring up Mr. Codd, Selina?" said mother. "I didn't like the plaice he sent yesterday. Please ask him to select something better to-day."

"Golly!" said father. "The war must be over."

"Yes, mother," said Selina. "Do you want plaice again? And I *do* mean what I said about not acting this year."

"Yes, plaice. No, darling, you don't. Now do let us settle this pleasantly. If we have to arrange this—this tiresome play, let us keep cool over it." Selina looked very pink and went out.

"I think we should have charades," said Aunt Jo. "You may laugh, but the Best People now prefer simple amusements. Selina couldn't be *Cleopatra* anyway. It's not a young person's part. Could you drop me at the Vicarage, John? I want to have a word with the Vicar about the blue-bells—the children simply stripped the woods this year. After all, the Church should protect the local beauty spot."

"Yes, by all means. You can try your luck, anyway," said father. "Must it be plaice again, Poppett? And between ourselves, why not let Selina do *Cleopatra*? We could rope in Giles for *Antony*. You never know."

"And they say women are match-makers!" said mother, and looked quite cross, which she really doesn't do much. "Giles has no prospects. What are you thinking about?"

"Booze," said father. "The old boy had a very pretty cellar, and after six years overseas Giles can hardly have got down to it yet."

"You are frivolous, John," said Aunt Jo. "I know that dear grandfather has a lot to answer for, but you cannot visit your sins on your fathers. There is a wonderful recipe for thistle wine which I cut out of a paper recently. It would be good for Selina to learn how to make possets and brews, as the Georgian ladies did, and I'm sure we would all enjoy drinking it."

"Can I do the room, mum?" said Mrs. Smith, looking round the door. "You'll excuse me for mentioning it, but at the Manor they never have breakfast in the same room what they have for dinner—lunch, I should say. It keeps one back-handed, in a manner of speaking, when breakfast hangs on all the morning."

"How nice to have a breakfast-room," said mother in her ice-cream voice. "Yes, I think we are ready for you now, Mrs. Smith. Jane, you'll

be late for school. Please shut the gate when you go. Yes, Jo, take them *The Tatler* by all means. John, are you in for lunch? Oh, yes, Mrs. Smith . . . Yes, what is it, Selina?"

"If we did *Antony and Cleopatra*," said Selina, "could you lend me that gauze thing you wore in Malta?"

Zut!

DONNES moi mon macintosh pelisse,
Es regnet beaucoup trop en Suisse,
Mais tout de même durch Sturm und Drang
Prenons un petit Spaziergang.
Oh weh, oh weh, der Matterhorn!
Qu'il a l'air mouillié, triste et morne,
Wir können nicht at any Preis,
Cueillir l'illusif edelweiss,
Ni monter par funiculaire
Pour sehen comme c'est wunderbar.
Alles in mist ist gar bedeckt,
Zut, c'est effroyablement schlecht!
Retournons vite, retournons schnell
To unser kleine clean hotel,
Geh back, geh back et wieder let
Us legen down upon die Bett,
Lisons les livres we've lis-ed before,
Schlafen ein bit mit Bernard Shaw,
Priestley et Maugham, une puissante
cuvée,
Und blick la Suisse from unter le
duvet. V. G.



"You remember, Simpson, in 1940 I said that you would be on trial for a time. That time is up, and I'm afraid you haven't quite come up to expectation."

Upstairs

MY own view is that when you live in a block of flats the character of the people above you is far more important than the character of people below you, because unless they are acrobats the people below you do not bang very much on the ceiling, whereas all kinds of tenants can bang a good deal on the floor. When Edith and I took this flat we were delighted to be told that it had sound-proof walls, but nothing was said about sound-proof ceilings, so I am not suggesting for a moment that we have any cause of action against the landlord, who is an excellent man with a pleasant and friendly attitude on the difficult subject of sash-cords.

Edith and I were quite sorry to hear that the people above us were leaving. They were a very nice couple, middle-aged and respectable, and they made a minimum of noise, except on Wednesday nights, when something went on in their front room that puzzled us a good deal. We could quite easily have got out of range by going into our own back room, but Edith is of a curious disposition, and when we first heard this Wednesday night noise she was quite excited.

"It sounds as though somebody were throwing a heavy body about all over

the room," she said. "I wonder if by any chance Mr. Gupwell is murdering his wife?"

Personally I disliked deliberately sitting in the front room to listen to the sounds. It was too much like spying.

"If Mr. Gupwell wants to murder his wife," I said, "I cannot see that it is our business. An Englishman's home is his castle, after all."

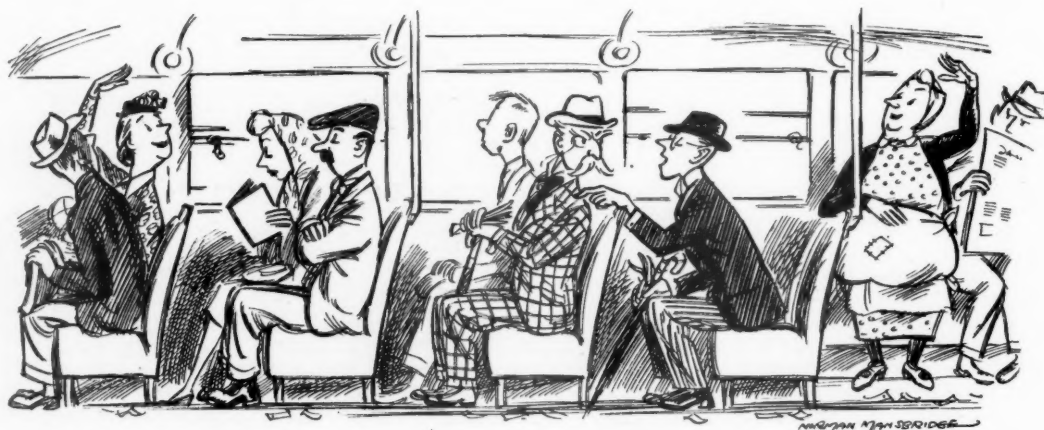
"I know," said Edith, "but in these days we must think of ourselves, and as a literary man it would do you the world of good to figure in a murder case, even as what may be called an ear-witness."

So we sat on and listened. So far as we could gather, Mr. Gupwell first knocked his wife down, presumably with a blunt instrument, and then beat her head against the floor for about ten minutes. One would have thought this a fairly effective way of doing a murder, but the maddening thing was that every Thursday morning the two Gupwells went out shopping together as usual. Obviously there had either been no attempt at murder, or they had decided to let bygones be bygones. What actually happened on Wednesday nights we have never discovered. Edith was in favour of

asking them before they went, but I felt that it would be indelicate. After all, a couple's crime life is their own affair.

I must admit that so far the new people upstairs have given us no cause for complaint. They have a small boy aged about two who answers to the name of Michael and screams loudly whenever he meets me in the passage, but this, his mother tells me, is because a former nurse once told him stories about a hideously ugly boggy-man who made small boys into pies, and he has for some obscure reason come to identify me with this purely fictional character.

Very little noise comes from above except on Tuesday and Friday nights, when there is a peculiar bang-bang-bang noise which we have not been able to place satisfactorily. Personally, I think it is merely the weekly ironing of the various small garments that young gentlemen of two require if they wish to be dressy, but Edith hopes that the new tenant and his wife are forgers, and that the banging noise is the stamping-out of bank notes. If this should indeed prove to be the case our new neighbour seems to me to be an extremely useful sort of man to have on the premises.



"The lady behind says 'How's Bert?'—pass it on to the lady in the green hat up in front."

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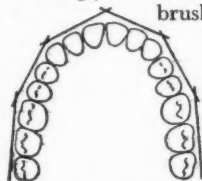
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How to brush your teeth

No. 1 OF A SERIES. Cut it out and keep it.

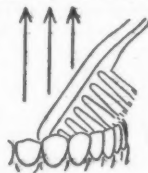
THE object of brushing your teeth is to keep the gums healthy and to remove microbe-breeding food particles. Brushing your teeth "any old how" isn't much use. Correct brushing is the best protection against decay.



SIX SECTIONS Without knowing it many people habitually forget to brush certain areas. Always brush your teeth section by section (as shown). Give each section 6 strokes before passing on to the next.

INSIDE LOWER FRONT TEETH

Never brush "across" your teeth. Place brush inside mouth as shown. Use a brisk "pull up" action. Include the gum in each "upward" stroke 6 times.



OUTSIDE LOWER FRONT TEETH

Place bristles on gum as shown. Twist the wrist and sweep bristles "upward." This way gums are massaged, food particles removed.



ALWAYS—Use an unwetted toothbrush. Clean your teeth last thing at night and after breakfast. Keep at least two toothbrushes—use them alternately. Visit your dentist regularly.



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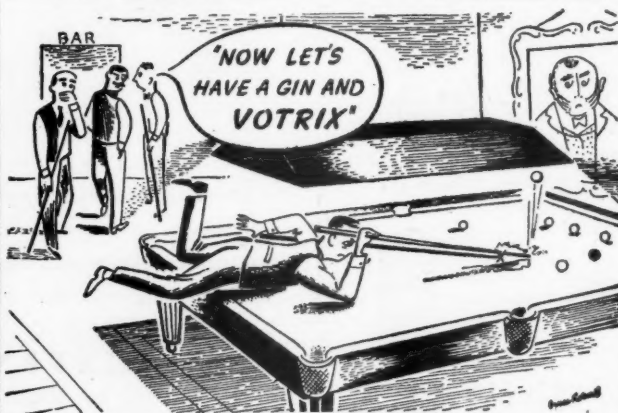
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*'Little Jack Horner sat in the corner,
Eating his Christmas pie,
He put in his thumb and took out a plum,
And said 'What a good boy am I!''*

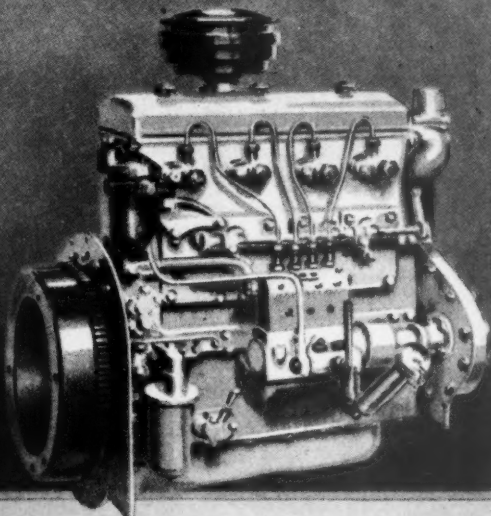
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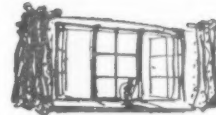


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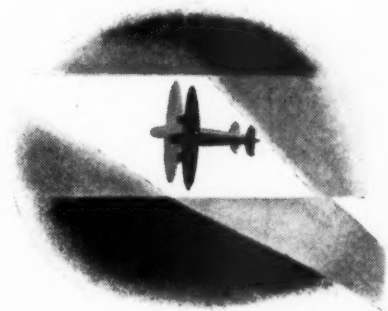
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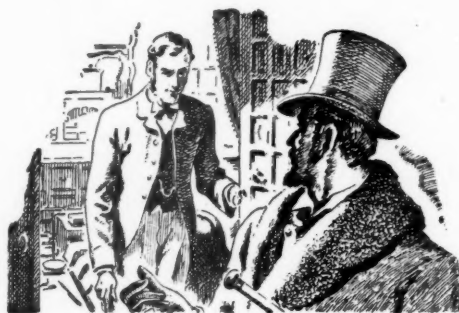
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